

A

FUNERAL SERMON:

*In Memory of the Rev. James Hunt
Pastor of Bladensburg & Captain John*

BY

JAMES MUIR, D.D.

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PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGA-

TION IN ALEXANDRIA.

ALEXANDRIA:

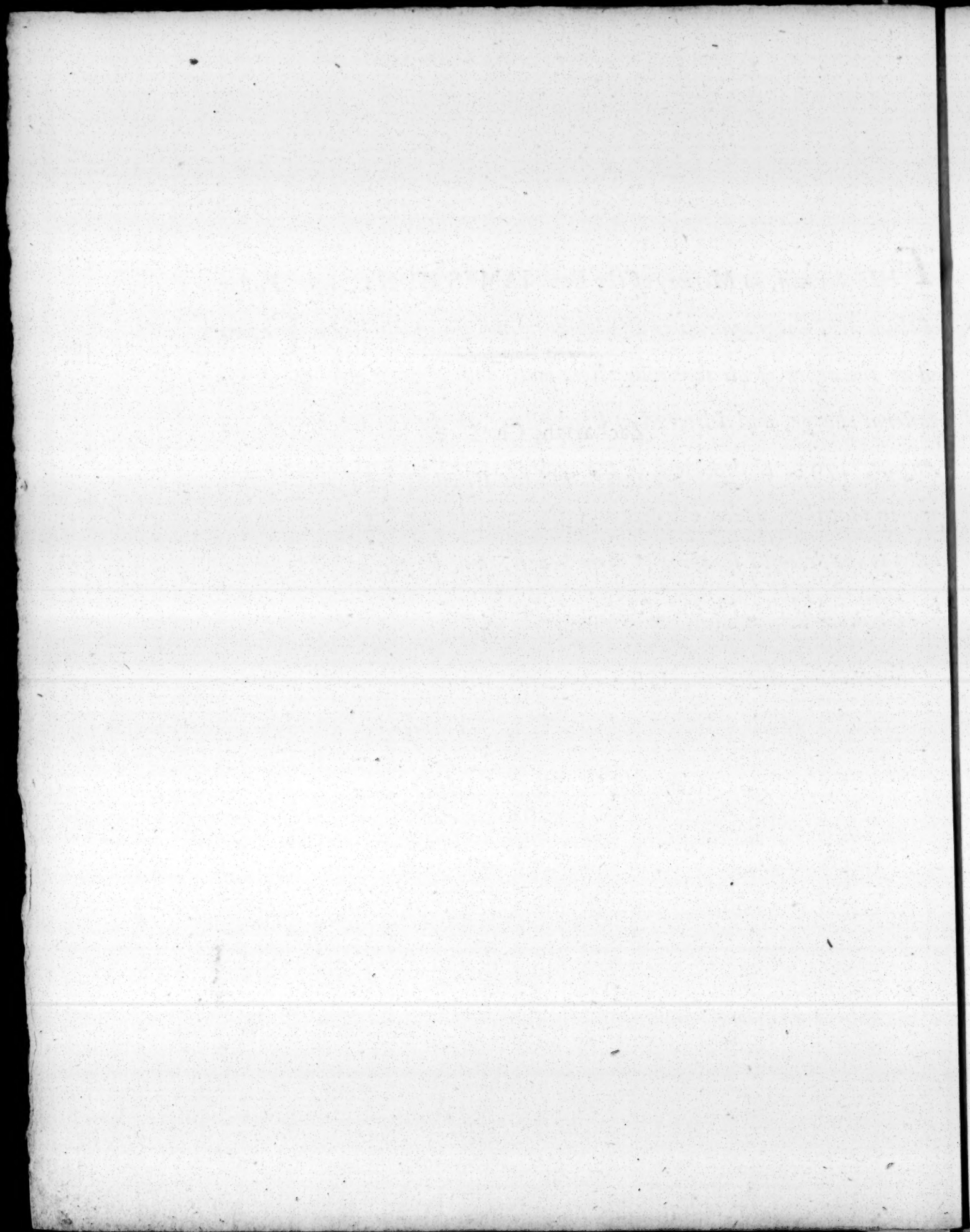
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1793.



THIS Sermon, in Memory of the Rev. JAMES HUNT, late Pastor of the united Congregations of Bladensburg and of Captain-John, prepared at the desire of his surviving Relations, and of those who were his pastoral charge, and delivered at Bladensburg, on the Lord's day, of 4th August, 1793, is dedicated by the author to both; with the most ardent prayer that they, under the divine influence and blessing, may herein listen to the deccased speaking to their hearts, and be persuaded to follow his faith, considering the end of his conversation.

Alexandria, August 6, 1793.



A

Funeral Sermon, &c.

Zachariah, Ch. I. 5.

Your Fathers, where are they? And the Prophets, do they live forever?

THE impression which these words are suited to make, is altogether of the serious kind. They were in the first instance addressed to Israel, and brought into view their progenitors for many ages. They are now addressed unto us, and introduce objects well adapted to interest and to edify. "*Your Fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live forever?*"

Discourfing from these words, I fhall, through divine affiftance, lead your thoughts to the ages which are paff, and then inquire concerning the men who formerly appeared, Where are they? Do they live forever?

Paff ages open a large field. Five thoufand feven hundred and eighty-two years have efaped fince the creation of the world. With inhabitants it has generally been filled. Thefe are not the fame.—Eighty years make almoft entirely a thorough change. The fame countenance, indeed, before the flood, might have been recognized for near a thoufand years: Since that period, the term of human life has been much as it is now. One generation paffeth away and another cometh: Men dwell in houfes of clay: Their foundation is in the duft: They are crufted before the moth: They are deftroyed from morning to evening: They perift forever, without any regarding

garding it : Doth not their excellency go away ? From the grain which dieth in the ground a new crop ariseth : From the old stem new branches shoot forth : Armies, joined in battle, preserve their ranks complete, supplying the place of those who are fallen by the ranks behind. It is the same with mankind. A new crop ariseth from the buried grain ; new sprouts from the old stem. The hoary head disappears, and the ground he has gone over is immediately occupied by men grown up, young men, youths, children, infants. On the road of life travellers are still found : They pass on, and are forgotten. One finishes that course upon which another is just entered, and in which others have made different progress. The present age presses upon the steps of the former. The earth is full ; but the inhabitants are changed. A few years make us perfect strangers. Of this, those who have been a little time from their native country are very sensible : Inquiring after their kindred ; they are not : The companion of their youth ; he is passed away : Their dear acquaintance ; he cannot be found.

The works of men, as well as men themselves, are subject to change. Great achievements have been performed in establishing empires : Great works accomplished during their grandeur. In what have issued all the achievements of Sampson and of David ; of Grecian and Roman heroes ? Their effect has ceased : even the empires, for whose benefit they were performed, exist no more. Trace them up, you can scarce discover a vestige of what was once so celebrated.—The Jewish monarchy, the republics of Greece and Rome are sunk in the gulph of time. They dazzle no more ; they terrify no more. They have been, but are not now. As a stone that is dashed in pieces, so passeth the glory of this world.

Buildings, vying in stability with the everlasting hills, leave no mark whereby we may ascertain where they once stood. The solemn tomb, and venerable temple ; works of use and works of pleasure, where are they ? In their erection, men toiled hard : They gloried in their magnificence : Highly beneficial were they, and conducive to pleasure ; but the labour is now lost, the glory is effaced, and they no more contribute either to profit or to pleasure. The pyramids
of

of Egypt, those grand edifices for the interment of their kings : The temple of Jerusalem, sacred through the residence of the Most High : The light-house of Pharos, a structure uncommonly stupendous, for the direction of seamen : The hanging gardens of Babylon, which astonished former ages, prepared for the amusement of the royal family ; are swept away and ingulphed with the works before the flood.

Neither men nor their works have attained a greater stability now than formerly. Every thing about us is liable to change ; we ourselves also are the subjects of change. We are pleased in Spring with the revival of nature ; Summer spreads beauty and fragrance around : Harvest is richly loaded with the fruits of the earth. In this progressive state of improvement, our satisfaction and spirits increase. Nature henceforth wears a different aspect. The leaf falls from the tree : The power of vegetation is enfeebled : The sky assumes a constant frown : The earth looks desolate.

A more frequent memorial of change constantly occurs. The day-star hangs out the signal which ushers in all the glories of the Sun : Men rejoice in his light and influence until noon : His influence afterwards is less felt : The shadow stretches out, darkness rolls on, and involves our hemisphere in gloomy night.

Besides these changes, which assist us in contemplating the changes to which mankind have always been subjected, every thing in our own persons, every thing in the persons of our friends, every thing in the whole extent of our observation, confirms what has been recorded concerning former ages. Our bodies are frail ; and our animal spirits variable. The seeds of death are in our veins, and produce the head-aches, fevers, pains, which impair the constitution, and at last lay us in the dust. Our friends are in the same state with ourselves, equally exposed to disease ; equally liable to die.—The widow and the fatherless, the orphan and the destitute, know well that men are mortal. This has embittered their cup, and forced from them the sad lamentation, “ Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.”

No character and no station can exempt men from death. Let
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the character be never so sacred ; let the station be never so useful ; the minister of religion, or the servant of the public ; the peaceful levite, or the prudent statesman ; all, all are on the brink of the grave, ready every moment to drop in.

From what we feel, and from what we observe ; from present occurrences, and from histories, of the greatest authenticity, we may be convinced that ages pass over little noticed, and little remembered.

Let me next proceed to inquire concerning the men who formerly appeared ; where are they ? Do they live forever ?

The prophet here speaks of the divine judgments with which former ages were threatened, and which, in consequence of their continued crimes, they severely felt. The Israelites, for instance, in the wilderness, proving faithless and obstinate, were subjected above a certain age to waste all their days where they then were without seeing Canaan or tasting its enjoyments. Even Moses and Aaron themselves, on account of some deficiency either in their faith or in their self-government, incur the same doom with others, and leave their bodies in the wilderness. Like as the Lord of Hosts thought to do unto them according to their ways, and according to their doings, so hath he dealt with them. None who were above twenty when they left Egypt, except Caleb and Joshua, set foot on the promised land. The question in my text refers to these threatenings ; where are the Fathers ? Did not my words take hold upon them ? Were not these exactly verified ? The prophets did not often live to see their prophecies accomplished ; the age was not always blest with their ministrations : But their prophecies fell not to the ground.— All flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of the grass ; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth off, but the word of God endureth forever ! The ministers of truth, as men, are subject to change ; but the truths which they proclaim are invariable.

These are important considerations, and may be illustrated by what we ourselves immediately observe to be a fixed principle, which began early to operate, which operates now, and is likely to operate through the most distant revolutions of time. The divine threaten-
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ing has been denounced against Adam and his posterity—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Men have received message after message to remind them of their situation, that thereby they might become humble and obedient. Is not the threatening executed? If it be not, where are the men who have hitherto been on the earth? They are not here. It has evidently befallen them according to the divine word: They have left their place and are gone: They belong to some other world: Inhabit some other country: Move in some other sphere. Removing men from one world to another; planting terrors on the boundary which separates this world from the next; and subjecting the whole human race to this removal and to these terrors, God vindicates the honour of his government and the efficacy of his word.

My text contains a truth particularly solemn. It makes no assertion; yet a more plain and affecting comment on the proceedings of providence is no where to be found. Open your eyes, and you need not be informed that the Sun shines; reflect, and it is equally evident, that whilst God fulfils his promises, he also executes his threatenings. Where are Adam and Eve? Where are all the antediluvian families? Where are Noah and his three sons? Where the numerous descendents immediately proceeding from them? Search the annals of time for near 6000 years past, and the whole habitable earth, from North to South, from East to West, and tell me where are the innumerable branches of the human family which have successively arisen and successively disappeared. Are Aaron, and his brethren in the priesthood; John and his associates in the apostleship? The ministers of the old and the ministers of the new testament, yet alive? No. They were represented by Adam; in Adam they all died. The plan of the divine government is prudent and steady: It cannot be altered. The wages of sin is death. Punishment is an inseparable attendant on transgression. This is verified in the fall of angels; it is seen in the dealings of God with our guilty race. Were not men astonishingly inconsiderate, they have warning enough to lead them to detest a carnal and sinful life, and to induce them to become spiritual and holy. Sufficient for this purpose

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pose was the experience of men in Zachariah's day: The repeated experience of every succeeding day, from that to this, gives us additional advantages. We know that the fathers are not here, and that the prophets do not live forever. It is appointed unto men once to die; and what power in Heaven, what power on earth, what power under the earth, can delay or render ineffectual an appointment of the Almighty?

This subject might be seasonably introduced on any occasion; it is particularly seasonable at this moment. The venerable appearance you were wont to see in this place, you do not now see; the commanding voice which could reach thousands is not now heard; that appearance shall not again grace this place, nor that voice be heard any more: The appearance has vanished; the voice is silenced.— This is an awful and instructive providence; and rendered still more awful and instructive by some preceding circumstances. Our reverend father had been visited in his family with breach upon breach: The clouds returned after the rain: Deep called unto Deep at the noise of the water-spouts: Waves and billows went over him: In the course of a few months he lost his son's wife; a grandchild; and his own bosom friend. This last stroke he did not survive many days. In their ages there was no great disparity. * Both were the descendants of pious parents; both had experienced the power of godliness in early life; their dispositions were similar, and their religious sentiments.

Happy

* Mrs. Ruth Hunt, the Daughter of Joseph and Rebecca Hall, was born at Nashamung, five miles from Philadelphia, August, 1725: Married Dr. Elisha Hall, of Cecil, in the 18th year of her age; lived with him 10 years; had by him 6 children; continued in a state of widowhood after his death 4 years; when a connection took place between her and the Rev. James Hunt, on the 3d June, 1762, which continued 31 years; she dying on the 17th May, 1793.

The Rev. James Hunt, the son of James and Sarah Hunt, was born at Hanover, in Virginia, Feb. 19, A. D. 1731. He studied first under Mr. Davies, at Hanover, and completed his studies at New Jersey College. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the New-Brunswick Presbytery, 27th July, 1760: On the September following he was ordained at large, and continued an itinerant preacher, without any pastoral charge, until June, 1763, when he was installed into Little-Britain Congregation, Pennsylvania. In the year 1770, he took the charge of Bladensburg and Captain-John's Congregations, among which he laboured for 23 years, and died the 2d June, 1793.

Happy is it when persons are so equally yoked. They become helpers to one another : they reap mutual benefit : they go hand in hand to the regions of peace. A mutual tenderness was first felt about the time of Dr. Hall's death : Mr. Hunt assisted him in his last moments. He comforted his widowed friend. Between the comforter and the comforted there is a mutual union. This became every day more firm, until it pleased God that the tie was fixed which death alone can dissolve. In this connection, Mrs. Hunt consulted her *spiritual* more than her *temporal* advantage. It is not often that the ministers of Christ are enriched with the world's goods. Like their divine master, they are dependent on others. The reward of their labours they expect in Heaven. This Mrs. Hunt knew; yet she denied herself *worldly* prospects that she might partake in the *heavenly* reward.

Mrs. Hunt's natural temper was affable and kind. Grace, with such attendants, is particularly amiable : It has an eloquence beyond the eloquence of men : It is a most powerful persuasive : It necessitates the dissipated, in spite of rooted antipathies, to become lovers of religion. Such the compulsion with which members are brought into the christian church ! For such eloquence, for such compulsive influence, our departed friend was very memorable. It had an happy effect upon her first husband and his relatives : It reigned triumphant in her domestic circle for many years.

Her mind was not intoxicated with religious pride ; nor soured with prejudice. She had a tenderness for all ; a heart to sympathize with them ; a hand to relieve them. She made the distressed even of her slaves her own ; apologized for inattentions ; avoided extremities ; established her authority in love, not in fear. This sensibility, so amiable, so divine, was such, that her friends carefully concealed from her, especially when advanced in life, the distress of others, lest it might overpower her delicate frame. She bore the image of the Saviour of mankind. Her tenderness, like his, was diffusive. It was roused by distress. She considered herself as a branch of the human family ; and wherever she found mankind, she found her brethren.

I never knew any whose character corresponds more exactly with
that

that of the virtuous woman drawn in the book of proverbs. She despised the idea of modern delicacy and refinement. Domestic affairs she knew were her concern. She was the soul of her family : The spring of action. Is this done ? or that ? was not the question : she knew it was done, for she had seen it, and been assisting. So entirely was she engaged with her family, that she was up by sun, and was never known, when well, to lie down at noon. Such conduct speaks more in her praise than tongue can tell ! She kept within her own sphere : there she shone with meridian splendour. Many daughters have done virtuously, but she excelled them all !

Afflictions have always been considered as the test of the character. She was the child of affliction. Patience, sympathy, and hope took root in her mind, and acquired luxuriance. She languished for many months in a decline. Her pain at times was acute : when alone, she indulged in sighs and groans : If her friends stepped in, all was suppressed ; not a complaining word ; not an expression of uneasiness : she rose above her own infirmities, that she might make them happy. Her delicacy in this respect was unusual ; perhaps it has not an equal. It commanded the admiration of strangers ; it relieved the feelings of her friends.

Her habits of accuracy, and attention in domestic life, were such that, during her declining state, she could give orders about her family, and retain as exact a knowledge of what was doing as when in perfect health.

Owing probably to the constitution of her mind, she was very diffident and timorous. Grace, by no means, changes the constitution. It may have a counteracting influence. The deceased's attainment in the religious life might have given her great confidence ; but she always thought and spoke modestly of her state and hopes. * She did

* The experience of my grandfather, the Rev. James Wardlaw, of Dumfermline, was much the same. He had lived in habits of intimacy with that eminently-pious Minister, the Rev. George Whitefield. Mr. Whitefield was taking his leave of my grandfather when far advanced in life; "farewell," says Mr. Whitefield, "Farewell—we shall meet again in Heaven"—I hope so," replied my grandfather modestly—"Hope so!" says Mr. Whitefield, with his usual vivacity; "why, an't yon sure of it?" A Parishoner of my grandfather's, who held him in esteem, took up the young preacher very smartly, "had your tongue, gabby creature; he's as sure of it as you are!"

did not appear afraid of death ; nor did she yet boast, as those who put off the harness. " Oh ! " she sometimes exclaimed " Oh ! how hard it is to die ! " Being asked if she feared death ; " not fear death ! " was her reply ; " death is the king of terrors ! " Her sensibility was not cowardice ; the brave are most sensible. She proved courageous at last. Informed by her friends of some favourable symptoms in the course of her disorder, " you tell me no good news, " was her answer ; " I long, I long to be gone. " She called upon her soul to rejoice, and again to rejoice. A short time previous to her death, she started from a transient slumber with ineffable satisfaction. ' I have heard a voice, ' says she, ' whisper to my soul, ' " daughter, be of good cheer ; to-day shalt thou be in Paradise. " This impression, however made, was a cordial to her fainting spirits ; a ray by which even the shadow of death seemed lightsome. Finding her last hour was at hand, calmly she took leave of all her friends, giving each such advices as she thought suitable. The scene cannot be described. It overflowed every eye with tears, and penetrated the hearts even of Africans. Praying for mercy on herself ; upon her family ; upon the whole world ; she resigned her spirit into the hand of her faithful Creator.

Mrs. Hunt was not more exemplary in private life than her worthy husband was in public. He was prepared by nature, by grace, by education, to serve at the altar. His constitution was strong ; and his voice commanding : His mind capacious ; and, from his youth, under the full influence of religious principles. He was acquainted with arts ; and the sciences. He was an accurate linguist ; and an intelligent divine. Many have arisen under his tutoring hand to stations of eminence and of wealth. Naturally communicative, his knowledge became generally useful. If difficulties have at any time occurred in the course of my reading, or of my ministry, I have found relief in stating these to my aged friend. His information was full and satisfactory ; his advice safe and prudent.

His home was a Bethel, a house for God. The hearts of his domestics were taught to fear God ; and their tongues to celebrate his praise.

His particular excellence, however, was in the pulpit. Diffusive
was

was he, and pathetic. This species of eloquence is of more general use than the concise and nervous. There are different talents; each has its advantage: Happy that man who knows his own talent and improves it with care! The deceased had his whole soul in the work: He travailed as in birth until Christ was formed in the hearts of sinners. Often he raised his warning voice; often he whispered consolation! He gave to all their food in due season. He kept back nothing that was profitable unto you; but shewed you and taught you publickly, & from house to house, testifying both to young and to old repentance towards God and faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ. He has left many seals of his ministry. Of this, numbers present can bear witness. Under his ministry you were alarmed, you were comforted; you were built up. If some can speak of no such benefit, you remember perhaps the father or the mother, the wife or the child, the neighbour or the friend, who, born in this place, were thereby prepared for that glory to which they have been advanced.

Lamentable is it that, however successful the labours of our venerable father have been, of late years, the success was not here. It was not here where he found laurels. Is not the seed in the ground? Shall it not vegetate and grow under other culture, to full maturity, when both he who hath sown, and he who reaps, shall rejoice together? His own harvest was in his other congregation: There a growing concern about religion has been apparent for some time past. Many thoughtless persons have been roused: Many who were hesitating established: religion is now the delight of many, who lately held it in detestation and contempt. This glorious day was ushered in by a gloomy night. It rewarded many days of toil and of pain: It is recorded in Heaven in bright characters; it shall long be remembered on earth, that those who sow in tears may hope to reap in joy; that those who go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, may be certain that they shall come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. The vision is for an appointed time; should it tarry, let us wait for it, it shall speak and shall not tarry.

The journey which your late Pastor took to South-Carolina gave him

him great satisfaction. He happily organized a church for the worship of God in Columbia; and, in his return home, preached with unusual effect to large, attentive, and solemn assemblies.

Never did he enjoy a better state of health than after his return. In this it seems he put little confidence. He did not believe his glass would run long. His afflicted companion mentioning that she must leave him, he replied, "Oh! my dear wife, I shall soon follow you; these gray hairs are blossoming for the grave." He conjectured right: A severe illness, in consequence of excessive watching and fatigue, carried him off in a few days. He was not able to speak much: His sentences were broken and interrupted; yet he honoured in death his christian profession. Demanded by some friend in what he put his trust; with eyes directed to Heaven, and in an elevated tone of voice, he replied, "My trust is in the Blood and Righteousness of Jesus Christ." His peace was established, and his assurance full. Having walked with God on Earth, he is now no more amongst us; for God hath taken him to himself.

After this long digression to pay a last tribute to our dear deceased friends, the interrogations in my text recur in full force, "Your Fathers, where are they? And the Prophets, do they live forever?" Your Fathers evidently are not in this world; and the Prophets do not live forever.

In the epistle to the Hebrews, the Apostle, having mentioned the feats of heroism and piety which numbers, through faith in God, had been enabled to perform, exhorts us to the utmost exertions in the christian course, representing the vast multitude of the faithful who are gone before as the spectators of our conduct. Should the fathers, should the prophets not exist in this, they certainly do in the other world. Having followed the Lamb on earth, they are honoured by him in Heaven. Having been faithful to the trust committed to them here, approved of hereafter, they are received into the joy of their lord. From a stormy ocean they have passed safe into an haven of eternal peace.

When our friend is removed hence, the former circumstances of his life affect the mind with great force. If his appearance has been venerable

venerable, and his address masculine : If he has maintained the rights of mankind, and been the lover of his country : If he has been a servant in the church of God, and pleaded the cause of religion : If he has been the champion of truth, a defended city, an iron pillar, a brazen wall against all opposers ; if such an one has been neglected, and perhaps used hard ; a form arises before the mind, free from the frailties of mortality, the passions of erring man ; it is a spirit made perfect. Former neglect and misapprehension in us add to the glory with which it is invested. This capacity of the mind, whereby we can raise the image of deceased friends in every amiable aspect, without the blemishes incident to the mortal state, very probably occasioned the worship which the heathen paid to departed benefactors, the erection of tombs among the Jews, highly garnished, in honour of those prophets whom their fathers slew.

Suppose such a form as I now mention (and were the eye clear from the film of mortality, it probably would be no supposition, but real) we should recognize here our reverend father and dear friend : How glorious in his robe of immortality ! How amiable in the perfect state ! How spiritual in his communications ! We should see him as Enoch was seen by the antediluvian fathers : Elijah, by his servant Elisha : The ascending Saviour, by the Gallileans. I think I see him. He casts a wistful look from South to North. As spirits speak to kindred spirits, he also speaks to those who once were dear to him in the flesh.

“ Your hoary head, my venerable parent,* is a crown of glory.
 “ You taught me the path of holiness : It has brought me to Heaven. I have left you on the road ; but the steps you have yet to take are few. There is indeed a separating wall. Undermined, it totters on its basis, and shall soon tumble down. I shall not be the last in welcoming to glory him whose piety and care have laid me under lasting obligations.”

Upon his descendants he casts a paternal look. “ It is good for you, my children, to bear the yoke in your youth. If it gall you, spurn not. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth ; and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. I adjure you in the name of the ever-
 “ loving,

* His father is still alive, whose age, I believe, exceeds ninety.

“ loving, ever-living redeemer, know God and obey the Gospel :
 “ Be zealous for the truth : Neither be weary, nor faint in your
 “ minds : Bring your children up in the nurture and admonition
 “ of the Lord. I charge every one of you, be faithful unto death,
 “ that I may meet you all at the last without a single reprobate or
 “ castaway. *You* particularly, my *younger* son ; the harvest is plen-
 “ tiful ; but the labourers are few : Can you withhold your help-
 “ ing hand ? The work indeed is arduous ; but it is honourable :
 “ It may embitter your cup on earth ; it shall sweeten your cup in
 “ Heaven : It may require unusual grace and unusual strength ; but
 “ the grace of Christ shall be sufficient for you, and his strength
 “ perfected in your weakness. The king on the holy hill of Zion
 “ would accept your service. Why, my son, are you not girded
 “ for this service ? The King’s business requireth haste. Why
 “ hesitate ? If you be deterred by any deficiency in yourself, re-
 “ pair to the fulness in the head of the church ; you shall receive
 “ from thence an abundant supply.”

Upon his late flock, upon you, my dear brethern, he casts his eye.
 Compassion is visible in his countenance ; and divine tenderness.—

“ Oh ! Sinner, there is an awful reality in the things of which I
 “ have frequently told you. The day that cometh shall burn as an
 “ oven ; you who are proud, and do wickedly, as dry wood are
 “ fuel for the fire ; as stubble you shall be burned up, and neither
 “ root nor branch be left. I have seen the place of punishment ;
 “ its terrors exceed description : The worm that dieth not, and the
 “ fire that is not quenched : Chains of darkness : Confinement
 “ with the devil and his angels ; with the offscourings of the earth ;
 “ the daring sabbath-breaker ; the profane swearer ; the scoffer
 “ at religion ; the polluted debauchee ; the vilest miscreants : Weep-
 “ ing, wailing, gnashing of teeth ; not a drop of water to cool the
 “ tongue : Not a consolatory word to ease the mind : The smoke of
 “ their torment ascending forever and ever. I feel for you, as cele-
 “ stials feel : Permitted, I would burst from the cloud, which with-
 “ holds me from your view, that once more I might give you
 “ warning. But you have Moses and the prophets ; Christ and
 “ his Apostles ; pastors and teachers ; if you hear not them ; if
 “ you be not persuaded ; the case is desperate : It bespeaks you to be
 “ incorrigible.

“ incorrigible. He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck,
 “ shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. But there
 “ is yet hope ; it is the accepted time and the day of salvation :
 “ Proceed not heedlessly, as fools to the correction of the flocks.
 “ Flee, ye prisoners of hope, to your strong holds. To day if you will
 “ hear his voice, harden not your hearts ; otherwise consider, ye that
 “ forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver
 “ you. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.
 “ Vengeance is his, he will repay it. He shall break you with a
 “ rod of iron ; he shall dash you in pieces like a potter's vessel.”

“ My Christian friends, to whom I did not speak in vain ; in
 “ whom I have seen of the travail of my soul ; my hope and my
 “ joy : The seals of my ministry, and the jewels in my crown ; I have
 “ not entertained you with a cunningly-devised fable. I am happy ;
 “ you shall also be so soon. Be steadfast and immoveable ; be per-
 “ fect and of one mind ; unite in your application to the master of
 “ assemblies, that your eyes may see your teachers, and your ears
 “ hear a voice behind you, saying this is the way, walk ye in it ;
 “ when ye turn to the right hand, or to the left ; abound in the
 “ work of the lord ; your labour shall not be in vain. Heaven will
 “ dry up your tears, and repay all your toils. Its happiness can-
 “ not be described by the tongue of mortals. Eye hath not seen, nor
 “ ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart to conceive, what
 “ things God hath prepared for them that love him. Live by faith ;
 “ hope unto the end : Faith shall soon be lost in vision ; hope in
 “ fruition. Fight the good fight, finish your course, keep the
 “ faith ; you shall receive a crown of righteousness from the righte-
 “ ous judge at his coming.

“ You do well in connecting the tribute you this day pay to my
 “ memory with a devout remembrance of the death of Christ. *
 “ His death is your only hope. Rest on this for acceptance and
 “ safety. This is the rock of ages : Build here with certainty. Should
 “ the rain descend ; should the floods come ; should the winds
 “ blow ; the building shall remain unshaken. Cast not away your
 “ confidence,

* This Sermon was delivered previously to dispensing the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

“ confidence, which hath great recompence of reward ; for ye have
 “ need of patience ; that, after you have done the will of God, ye
 “ might receive the promise. For, yet a little while, and he that shall
 “ come, will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by
 “ faith : But if any man draw back, my soul shall have no plea-
 “ sure in him : But we are not of them who draw back unto perdi-
 “ tion ; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul.”

A N E L E G I A C P O E M . *

I.

GREAT God ! how searchless are thy
 ways !

While all we see or hear displays
 Thy wisdom, power and love ;
 Nature thy mighty works declares,
 But grace a nobler theme prepares,
 To draw our hearts above.

II.

Mysterious are thy ways to man,
 Too blind to comprehend or scan
 The wonders of a God !

While worlds revolve, and years roll on,
 Fashions are chang'd and customs gone,
 With years beyond the flood.

III.

Nations and kingdoms must decay,
 And dying mortals wing their way
 To worlds beyond the grave :
 Death visits all without disguise,
 The good, the vile, the fool, the wise,
 The coward and the brave.

IV.

'Tis here we read the weighty call,
 Address'd aloud, alike to all,
 Th' oppressive and the just :
 Here saints and sinners close their eyes,
 On all terrestrial vanities,
 And mingle in the dust.

V.

'Tis thus in vain we strive to view
 The place which once our fathers knew,

In this their pilgrimage :

Of us e'er long it shall be said,
 'Twas here their schemes for life they laid,
 When on this busy stage.

VI.

The prophets here no more proclaim
 The words of life in Jesu's name ;
 They lie beneath the ground,
 Waiting in patient humble trust,
 The day that God will raise the just,
 When the last trump shall sound.

VII.

Where then the father and the friend,
 Whose name our sighs and tears commend
 To strangers and to foes !

Where the dear author of our birth,
 Whose life was of such countless worth,
 Whose death completes our woes ?

VIII.

Death, long expected, comes—but O !
 How unexpected : strikes the blow,
 And all our peace is slain,
 All nature stands in sad dismay,
 While we behold the lifeless clay,
 And all the soul is pain.

IX.

See children, friends, and brethren stand,
 With streaming eyes and trembling hand,
 Around their dying bed ;

We fear the king of terrors, death ;
 And while we eye their fleeting breath,
 Th' immortal spirit's fled.

* The author of this Poem chuses to be unknown. The poem re-echoes the tribute
 which the sermon attempts to pay : It breathes a poetic spirit : It is dictated by friend-
 ship and religion: Well is it worthy of attention.

X.

And in that flight what glories rise,
 Before their new admiring eyes,
 And joys before unknown!
 Well might they triumph in their death,
 And lose their last expiring breath,
 Without a pang or groan!

XI.

Say ye, whose comfort 'tis to know
 The joys that from afflictions flow,
 When sanctify'd by grace:

A cordial balm where shall we find
 To ease the tumult of the mind,
 And fill the soul with peace?

XII.

Death reigns triumphant in the grave:
 Where is the arm with power to save
 And rescue from the tomb?

Jesus, who bursts the bands of night,
 Invests the dead with heav'nly light,
 And calls his children home.

XIII.

They sleep with those who sweetly rest,
 Where cares that rend the troubled breast,
 And sin and sorrows cease;

In the cold mansions of the dead,
 They calmly rest their wearied head,
 And wait their sure release.

XIV.

Great were their trials here below,
 Where tears and joys promiscuous grow,
 And pleasures yield their pain;

Mercy the bitter cup prepares,
 To wean our souls from earthly cares,
 And make our loss their gain.

XV.

This is the thought that gives a joy
 (Let joyful praise our tongues employ!)
 The world knows nothing of,

A thought that soothes a thousand pains;
 The mourning heart her peace regains,
 And burns with sacred love.

XVI.

Long had they liv'd in sweet accord,
 In faithful service of the Lord,
 Their advocate and king;
 Virtue thro' all their actions shone,

While, daily waiting at the throne,
 Their sacrifice they bring.

XVII.

Kind to the poor, and fatherless,
 A constant help in sore distress,
 To enemy and friend;

The names that form the social life,
 The husband, master, parent, wife,
 Their memories commend.

XVIII.

See! Israel mourn her shepherd dead,
 And sinners hang their guilty head,
 While they behold the scene:

Zion no more her charms displays,
 Nor Sinai darts her lightning's blaze,
 While thunders roll between.

XIX.

Our aching hearts no more rejoice
 To hear the faithful shepherd's voice,
 And learn instructions there.

Where shall the bleeding conscience find
 Relief? their sight receive the blind?
 The deaf rejoice to hear?

XX.

O! shall I ever live to see,
 Another voice so sweet to me,
 And hear with equal gain!

Then should we flourish as the Bay,
 While we this wilderness survey
 Of sorrow, toil and pain.

XXI.

O! thou, whose tender mercies load
 Our growing years with every good,
 Without our anxious care;

Send thy kind spirit to relieve
 Our wounded minds from piercing grief,
 And gloomy sad despair.

XXII.

That we may own thy Sovereign grace,
 Which crowns with life our worthless race
 And love, divinely free:

So shall we sweetly end our days,
 While songs of joyful sound we'll raise
 THROUGH ALL ETERNITY!

F I N I S.



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